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Bidault Gives His Word

THE PRIMARY object of the French Resistance movement was to drive the Germans out of France. No one in the Resistance asked anybody working with him in the Resistance where he came from who was willing to risk his skin to help drive the Germans out of France. That was the thing that had to be done first. There had to be the refusal—without any conditions, without any word like perhaps, any word like maybe—to accept the new European order, partnership with the conqueror, his presence in France. That simple purpose, that clear determination united the men of the Resistance. Danger united them also. It took that purpose, that determination, that danger to unite them, for they were not the kind of people who would have been seen together coming out of the gates of Paris in the summer days in peacetime when people went out to the country for the week end. (Because some of them would have been riding tandem bicycle with the baby in a basket on behind; some of them would have been in the third class compartments of the railway trains; some of them would have been in cars with a chauffeur driving them. Some of them would not even have had to leave Paris to go to the country because they would have been living in a great country house all summer anyway.) There were rich and poor in the Resistance and, of course, they brought with them the various kinds of politics that always, in some degree, are determined by your being rich or poor. The Resistance had people from almost everywhere. With a common purpose, a common determination.

They brought their political ideas with them, but there are some political ideas that just are not very interesting. Especially not at a time when a country has fallen to pieces and has to be rebuilt. A monarchist, for instance, could blow up a bridge as well as anyone else; he could be tortured and remain silent, and then he could stand up as bravely as anyone else and be shot as dead as anyone else. But before he was arrested, or if he was never caught, whatever he had to say about the King would not interest many of his comrades in the Resistance. Or if a man's one idea was to drive the Germans out of France in order to bring Lebrun back to the Elysée, that would be even less interesting than what the monarchist said. And still less interesting than this would be anyone who was passionately devoted to the idea of industrial monopolies, to the *comité des forges;* but there would not be many such because that passionate devotion generally placed them among the collaborationists.

So that only the ideas that seemed interesting in one way or another, and new perhaps, were talked about when the men of the Resistance had a chance to get together and talk about France's future—which was not often because it was extremely dangerous to get together to talk about anything. It was not till near the end of the war that delegations from all the political parties represented in the Resistance met and drew up the Resistance Charter which was a plan for the social and political reorganization of France.

De Gaulle was supposed to act on the basis of this charter but before he could do anything of any importance he had to have elections; before the elections took place the parties which had been united in the Resistance movement became political parties as naturally they would; they became separate and competing parties; and now that the elections have taken place you can look round for the Resistance Charter but you will not find it because it no longer binds the political parties and each party looks at it according to its party line.

There is the Left again and the Right again. But it is not quite fair to say there is the Right again. There always is the Right; that is a natural phenomenon; there always will be the Right; someone will always be to the Right of someone else. And in the four million votes for the MRP there must be a great many people who are very much to the Right of the eight million or more French who elected Communists and Socialists. But the present leadership of the MRP—notably the Christian Democrats Georges Bidault and Maurice Schuman—are committed, and devoted, to what they said when they were still in the Resistance movement, and what they said does not make at all for a Rightist program. Last week Bidault remarked: "I have heard that there are among our supporters camouflaged representatives of the Right who would oppose the will of the people. I reply that we are sure of ourselves and will keep

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our word. I accord to the Right two liberties: First, to be wrong, and, second, to cease being men of the Right."

It will not be easy for him to keep his word and his supporters. We believe that he will keep his word.

Scuttle and Run

PERSONAL, almost "gossipy" interest in Bernard Baruch and his position in the United States justifiably accumulates as time, and especially wartime, runs on, and he remains the particular friend and advisor of the mighty—whoever the mighty may temporarily be—and his letters to friends continue to warrant front page coverage by the newspapers. He has a remarkable position, and a personality and presence to fill the position warmly and attractively: a senator of the Republic by one legitimate definition with more evident right than many whose names appear on the ballot.

Mr. Baruch's letter to Representative Gore published on November fifth (in the *Times* at least) has intrinsic interest to match the author. It is not a statement of a unified policy or political-economic thesis, but it is a linked series of opinions which the Baruch position and myth make us suppose are important, and the opinions deal with the most interesting possible public issues.

Warmly we welcome the authority of his assertion of the unity of the national and international economic problem. The letter points the problem in one direction: "If we promise loans to foreigners, the money will be useless if they cannot buy the goods from our production here." The letter identifies the economic results of "giving foreigners credit" and of giving our "citizens greater buying power through increased wages and decreased taxes." Foreign economic conditions depend upon American. Mr. Baruch assumes the present existence of inflation—greater money and credit buying power in existence than the marketable goods in the world can absorb without having prices hoisted in a vicious spiral, all over the world.

The letter does not point the same problem so much in the other direction . . . how certainly American economy is at the hazard of world economy. Even Mr. Baruch's "hurry, hurry, hurry" with another "miracle of production" cannot give the whole world the things it needs, nor can it drain off a safe quantity of purchasing power. The rest of the world, England and France and Russia and Germany and Japan, China and Italy, Belgium and Brazil, and all the little countries that produce so much together, must keep producing things for men if many men are going to have anywhere near enough. Another thing certainly true is that morally, physically, politically and justly, it is impossible for the United States to set up a level of "living" guaranteeing every family the current equivalent of two cars in every garage and a chicken in every pot while the rest of the world rations its food calories in the hundreds and its coal in spoonfuls. If it is temporarily possible, it is only by the liberal employment of these super-new atomic bombs.

Mr. Baruch's recognition of the current inflationary spiral is bolder than we have seen and so he makes stronger suggestions than most for checking it. Advertised capitalist that he is, he still expresses grave skepticism over the reductions in taxes. Taxes are necessary in lieu of production. Taxes don't only pay off interest on government debts (and could, conceivably, even lower them); they also cut the buying power which can boost prices and make goods disappear from the market and they check the expansion of the government debt as a basis for further credit. Business man and elder American as he is, Mr. Baruch fears the rush and fury to abandon war controls while most of the economic conditions of the war remain. "I had hoped this 'scuttle and run' policy which is evidenced throughout our life—military, economic, spiritual—would have been held off and made parallel with peace and as we knew what our demands and obligations were."

Two more points we would mention as addenda: The papers are likely to play up the warning about giving aid to foreign countries for the purpose of building up nationalized industries to destroy our own competitive system. We have never heard that Mr. Baruch is a "red scare" man and prefer to take this warning as a perfectly sensible observation. It is absurd to think that the socialist-capitalist decisions or messes developing abroad have no relation to our own socialist-capitalist problem. Isn't that the basis of our floundering in Germany, that we have not decided among ourselves what system America wants at home and so naturally we cannot give a useful and decisive line for Germany? Germany is the central problem; Mr. Baruch mentions "England, Czechoslovakia, France and other countries as well." All those economies have to fit together some way and we can't for long abstract our own from the chaos.

Mr. Baruch's solution is "the miracle of American production." We see no solution there, and, indeed, the hypnotic concentration upon advertised wealth—the apparently increasing egoistic passion for making and obtaining the newest, the richest, the most crassly luxurious quantities of material things with a kind of self-induced ruthlessness toward the rest of the world—seems as though it might almost constitute a hindrance in the pursuit of a sound economy and of peace. We would consider it a miracle indeed if by stepping up production to those inconceivable wartime highs, we could sidestep all the political, the social, the moral and spiritual issues which everybody knows confront the weakened world.

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Can We Hold That Line?

ALTHOUGH wage demands continue to make the headlines, there are a number of additional signs of accelerated inflation which are highly disquieting. One of these is the stock market, where, despite the impression that insiders are doing more selling than buying, prices continue to mount; several important stock issues have already been split up, with several other "blue-chip" securities slated to be split on anything from a two for one to a five for one basis.

The prices of a number of raw materials are also edging forward — notably metals. That means higher prices to the consumer for a number of manufactured products. The plan to end farm subsidies in stages inevitably means higher prices for the nation's foodstuffs. And the relentless pressure for higher peacetime wages has already had direct inflationary effects. Mr. Truman's recent directive not only removes restrictions on price rises in three types of wage-increase situations, but also allows any present wage raises to constitute a basis for price increase applications six months hence. Besides, the present Stabilization Act has only up to next July to run.

The unions are demanding higher wages out of the extensive profits to which American corporations have long been accustomed. The workers say that they need the wages in order to be able to purchase the increased national production required for prosperity; business says that this constitutes a drain upon a profit which does not yet exist. It recalls the age-old hen and egg argument. And of course management contends that it cannot provide the wage increase without increasing prices (and, if this occurs generally, thereby nullifying the whole plan of increasing national purchasing power).

What is most unfortunate is that this bitter debate proceeds against a background, or in a mood, of extreme American shortsightedness. The desire to throw out every restriction is too strong. And as the rationing of critical commodities is discontinued, one commodity after the other, our people come to look for the ending of every bothersome restriction regardless of the over-all result.

Who can be counted on to stand firm in what threatens to be a national emergency? Perhaps a few elements in Washington where the general mood is anything but heartening. Certain of our labor leaders seem to realize what is at stake in the holding of even the present price line. Also a few farm leaders and business men. It is the exception who sees the whole picture in other terms than his own short-term vital interests. The great bulk of us too easily forget that any marked inflation would have ruinous effects on almost everyone.

A Policy in China?

WHEN prior to Pearl Harbor certain efforts were made to avoid armed conflict with Japan, negotiations invariably broke down over the Chinese question. There is evidence that our Pacific war might at least have been postponed for a time if the United States had been willing to abandon China. Since those days our nation has generally followed a consistent Chinese policy. As long as the war lasted it consisted in helping Chiang Kai-shek—inadequately perhaps but unmistakably; it has been our consistent policy to support the Generalissimo and the Kuomintang against the Chinese Communists and other dissidents. The record of Chiang himself and the notorious graft which has characterized much of his régime did not inspire wholehearted American enthusiasm. But we had made our choice. And while we lent assistance we continued to exercise pressure on Chungking to the end that it become more honest and more genuinely democratic.

In the months since the Japanese surrender we have continued our support rather indirectly. It has been made easy for servicemen to be discharged, particularly airplane pilots, and sign up with the Chiang forces. We have provided a certain amount of transport for the Generalissimo's men. Our Marines are "maintaining order" in the Peiping, Tientsin and Tsingtao areas—all this to help Chiang and thwart the Chinese Communists.

Latest word is that we are to withdraw from China as from everywhere else (and let them fight it out).

Another Reader Plan

AS WE go to press we are happy to report that the New York *Post* has adopted 5,000 French families, each of them with small children, and each family selected on a non-sectarian, non-political basis by an official French relief society. To its readers the *Post* proposes three ways of participating in the work of its Food for Friendship Committee (75 West Street, New York 6, N. Y.) : contributing funds—$5.00 is suggested—, sending food packages directly to some family for whom the *Post* will provide shipping labels and the necessary mailing instructions, and instructing an authorized department store to make the shipment. Thus the *Post* joins THE COMMONWEAL and *Politics* in speeding direct action by its readers on behalf of those in need.

Bombe Glacée

READERS may be interested to learn that the *Nation* is sponsoring a dinner on "The Challenge of the Atomic Bomb" in the grand ballroom of a New York hotel at $7.50 a head.

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The Sheep Meadow Speech

As it might have been, Central Park, New York City, Navy Day, 1945

Christopher Morley

I'M GLAD this happens in the Sheep Meadow. There are so many interesting traditions and parables about sheep: lost sheep and strayed sheep, hungry sheep, black sheep. I guess I'm going to be even more lonely than the black sheep. I'm going to be the goat. I'm going to commit political suicide right here in front of you, right into the microphone.

Your government had planned something quite different. I prepared, in the little time they allow a President to prepare anything, the proper sort of speech, my advisers okayed it, I read it over for timing and pronunciation and marked the spots for emphasis, it was typed and revised again and retyped and mimeographed for the networks and newspapers and likely it's already in type and on press. What a joke on the papers when they find I never gave that speech at all. It's about time, goodness knows they put over enough comedies on *us*.

But I happened to wake up very early this morning, even before the State Department was at its desk—I wish they'd sleep later, sometimes it might simplify a crisis. Everything was all quiet along the Potomac and I got to thinking. I read my script again and felt nervous. It was marvelous, it ought to please everybody, one paragraph would say how we are the greatest power on earth and the next would say we hold it all in trust for humanity. One paragraph would say we don't want the least bit of aggression for ourselves and the next would baffle the heathen by saying except advanced bases for military defense. It was wonderful doubletalk, and I got to thinking what an earache the world has from doubletalk . . .

> [*On account of disturbance, newsmen rushing for telephones, radio monitors breaking in on the circuit, Mayor La Guardia saying something, your reporter lost something here*]

. . . just a harangue. It's disasterous. Radio has mechanized us into nullity. Will you come into my network said the spider to the fly. . . .

I remember something from my schooldays though I never knew exactly what it meant but they told us to not split the infinitive. Listen folks, the infinitive *has* been split. Last April I told you how I felt like Chicken Little, the sky had fallen on me. So it did, and then in August the atom bomb too. A man who has been told about that, by scientists who know, and things we wouldn't dare admit just now, he can't go on the same.

Like I say, I got to thinking. Maybe political imagination could try to be as inventive as scientific imagination? I don't need to tell you I'm naturally a cautious unextravagant man, one of the P.P.W., plain people of the world, but what I hear about history it seems the cautious hard-headed men have got us into a peck of trouble. Then they had to call on reckless impractical dreamers to get us out—great scientific dreamers like Einstein or Urey or Fleming or great political dreamers like FDR and Churchill and Stalin and Smuts or great militia dreamers like Marshall and Eisenhower, Montgomery and MacArthur, Cunningham and King, Tedder and Spaatz, or even great humanitary dreamers like Ernie Pyle and John Steinbeck and H. G. Wells. I know, in politics Too Much Too Soon can be as dangerous as Too Little and Too Late, but maybe the wildest the dreamers could do wouldn't get us in more trouble than the cautious fellows have done.

So I think about it, and I'm inclined to play ball with the screwball team, that is the imaginative team, and I mean play ball with the biggest ball we know, the whole world. We're all in cahoots together.

★

I read where somebody said there's still another atom to be split, the political atom, there is the hard mineral core of selfish nationalism and rival sovereign states. How anybody in my job gets to hate that word sovereign. If that atom could only be split, Oh what an energy of human co-operative power could be released, what an explosion of hope. I wonder if the people of the United States realize the enormous latent power we possess in the admiration and idealism and goodwill the P.P.W. of other lands have for us. It ought to make us feel humble. Those poor people, who have been through such horrors, imagine us as a country where human anxieties have gone quite a ways toward solution. It don't matter whether that's true or not, they think so, and they certainly

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crave this Great Country, I said that by habit, I mean this country, to give them a signal of leadership.

There's no education like suffering. We've been inconvenienced, but they've suffered.

The only way to lead is to lead. The fascists and nazis and racemongers won't hesitate; they're smart enough to plan, plot, psychologize a long way ahead. If only the wicked men would loaf a bit, but they don't, nor do sickness and hunger and rust and cold winter. Men of goodwill need to be smart too.

There was an old saw about it's fine and proper to die for one's country, but we could go a step further. If I'm going to die apurpose I'd like it to be for the whole world and not for some subdivision, no matter what nice real estate. After this speech I probably won't have long to wait.

So here's my Foreign Policy. Maybe it's not all thought out because they made me take breakfast with O'Dwyer and anyhow as a statesman I'm a short-order cook. But if I ever get back to Washington I'll recommend it to the Congress.

★

1. It's not easy. Sheep in a meadow always think the same kind of thoughts. Thinking new thoughts hurts. I'd say, if you find yourself thinking comfortable familiar habitual thoughts, be doubtful of them. For instance, we all want our service men home, so we can start quarreling with them the way we used to. If one of your men is still overseas, be proud he's still on the job, and help *him* to be proud. I'd recommend service stripes for home folks, to show how long your husband, brother, son or daughter, has been overseas.

2. Most people work too hard, including the President of the United States. Overstrained people get hypersensitive, quarrelsome and sick. A conference of Foreign Ministers is enough to give anyone gallstones. Even sheep can teach us something here. We can work some of the people too hard some of the time and get big results, but you can't work all the people too hard all the time. If we really believe in Peace, let's occasionally practice it. I'd call one day a week Peace Day and just take it easy your own way. Don't ring anyone on the telephone. Wash your stockings or work in the garden or play the piano or chew the fat. Take a drink if you wish, and relax.

3. We keep saying this mighty Navy of ours is a trust for world peace. All right, let's do something to symbolize it. When I was over at the Navy Yard in Brooklyn this morning I found they'd laid off a lot of girls in the Flag Loft because they didn't have enough flags to make. I took the liberty of ordering them to make a few thousand World Flags, a white flag with a big blue circle in the middle to symbolize the globe and the initials U. N. for United Nations. The United Nations Organization isn't very united yet, but it's as far as we've got, it's a beginning, and as General Marshall says, excuse him, we've damn well got to nourish it. As C-in-C I've given the order that every U. S. naval vessel from the biggest carrier and battlewagon down to the smallest spitkit will henceforward fly the United Nations flag above the Stars and Stripes. That's one way of suggesting good faith to other nations.

4. I'm going to ask the Secretary of the Navy to send one of our Naval vessels, flying this world flag, to the most influential and convenient port in every civilized naval country, on a goodwill courtesy visit.

5. We can't get anywhere except through the Congress. I've been a member of it myself, I know what they're up against. I know that some of the most important work is done in the lunchroom. But I'm going to beg the newspapers to report fully, day by day, what is actually said by the members discussing these ideas. If your representatives are talking either sense or nonsense you should know it.

6. Maybe it would help if we quit dinning other weary and nerve-sick nations with statements how strong we are. It took us quite a while to get that strong, and there was lots of luck and geography in it, and other people's time. People tired to death and surrounded with ruins, like we used to say in Missouri "out on the hoof with nothing but scarcity," sometimes get bitter hearing about other folks' good luck.

7. I notice that many people have jitters about the future of our relations with Russia. This is a topic so important one needs to be frank. Mr. Stalin, if accurately translated, is a very realistic man. I was able to avoid any serious commitments at Potsdam by playing the piano for him; maybe more prudent than FDR's policy of schmoos. You remember how FDR said of a certain other nation "I can baby them along," and you know what happened. The USSR and the USA are the two big lummoxes among nations; Russia is just as plagued by an inferiority complex as we are by a delusion of grandeur. Their ideas and behaviors are very different from ours. They think we're hypocrites, and sometimes when I read my own speeches I wonder myself. But mutual understanding has got to be achieved. Considering the sufferings and sacrifices of Russia during the war I should like to suggest to the Congress to confer honorary American citizenship on 100 of the most distinguished representatives of Soviet civilization—men and women alike, soldiers, sailors, airmen, writers, artists, musicians, scientists, businessmen, farmers. I should like these honorary citizens to come over here at their convenience, as our guests, stay and travel freely as long as they wish, and form and express their frank opinions about it. Such a gesture

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would perhaps give the whole USSR a shock of pleasure, would contribute greatly to friendly interchange, and we would learn a great deal.

8. An important feature of Foreign Policy is to encourage people to think how things may look to other people. What we ourselves take for granted may seem strange from outside. For instance the Secretary of State and I were always trained to carry in the breast pocket a nice fresh clean handkerchief, neatly folded like a hotel napkin. We'd feel indecent without it; it's the badge of the well-laundered honest American middle-class. But I saw Mr. Stalin kept looking at them with suspicion. He muttered something to his interpreter and I'm sure he thought we had them there to wipe away crocodile tears.

9. The Prime Minister of Great Britain is coming to visit, and I look forward to our talks. If we have trouble over Palestine or the atomic bomb I shall play the piano for him too. Mr. Attlee and I were both described, when we took office, as "mousy men," and our respective peoples have got both of us where mice usually end, in a trap. Yet I have a queer feeling that after so many forcible and brilliant giants the world can do with a few mice.

10. If our Army, Navy, and Air Force are united under a Secretary for the Forces I shall be happy to see the term Secretary for War disappear. That might leave room in the Cabinet for a Secretary for Peace. I should like to see some great scientist in the post, assisted by a number of artists, musicians, scholars, and even poets. The only place where inflation can really be useful is in the imagination.

11. While we are discussing universal training, please don't call it *military* training. I don't think it has any importance whatever as a military project, but it has great moral value. It should be a pride for young people to realize they owe the United Nations at least a year of disciplined work and study. Many can get it abroad, a kind of scholarship in civilization.

12. The truest thing said lately, to my knowledge, was by Mr. Basil O'Connor, head of the American Red Cross. He said: it's time we quit making war like giants and making peace like pygmies.

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In conclusion: if you read in the paper tomorrow that the President of the United States had a nervous breakdown in public, don't be alarmed. I only tried to talk sense and let you know I'm trying to think about such things. I saw a letter the other day from one of our boys who had been a prisoner of war in Japan, under cruel and starving and loathsome conditions. After the capitulation of the enemy, he and his companions were first made very ill by rich food suddenly given them by the fawning Japanese; and then they were nearly killed by crates of supplies dropped on them by their own B-29s.

Like that, some of the longed-for privileges of peace may have come upon us so fast they do us more harm than good. I beg you to think about these things. The mysterious weight of human inertia will do its most to keep us from thinking new thoughts. But you can help; you've *got* to help; every one of you. If you want sensitive men as public servants it's up to you to find them and put them there. Myself, I'm thinking about Harold Stassen.

Instead of at the beginning, I'll say it at the end: My fellow citizens—of the World.

The Twentieth of July 1944

EMIL DORRFAT

GERMANY, in the framework of the freedom of movement given to it by the allied garrison authorities, is once more able to express political and world-regarding opinions and to discuss them. It is essential that the Germans, in doing this, must learn to realize what forces rendered possible a twelve-years' tyranny without anything effective having been done to free the German people from the Hitler yoke.

The only serious, though unsuccessful, attempt to break the power of Hitler was unquestionably that of July 20, 1944. Today we have the list of the men who were imprisoned after the failure of the plot and died on the Nazi gallows. A closer study of this list, which we attach to this article, shows that more than half of those who were executed were military men. Among them, and at their head, were General Fieldmarshal Erich von Witzleben, the military leader of the plot, and the former chief of the General Staff, and Colonel Beck, who to be sure had already been relieved of his office by Hitler as early as 1934. Besides the more than 60 soldiers, 14 leading civil functionaries and diplomats are included; also 3 professors, 8 factory directors, 6 (mostly nobles) owners of landed property, 4 clerics and a large number of men from the white-collar professions who were grouped together under the leadership of the civilian group in the uprising under the former Lord Mayor of Leipzig, Karl-Friedrich Goerdeler. The political subdivisions of the civilians include members of various political groups well down into the right and left wings. Among them are the German-National Catholic, Lejeune-Jung, as well as the social-democratic workers' leaders, Wilhelm Lauschner and Julius Leber. Leber incidentally was arrested at the very moment when, commissioned by Graf Stauffenberg, he was trying to get in touch with the Communists. Among other bourgeois personalities are leading men of the Bekenntnis church and two Catholic clerics, the Jesuit Father Delp and the leader of the Catholic workers' unions, Prelate Otto Mueller, who escaped the gallows

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only to die of exhaustion in prison. Among those who were executed were also the former Prussian Finance Minister, Johann Popitz, and the last German ambassador to Moscow, Graf von der Schulenburg, who concluded the pact of non-aggression with the Soviet Union in 1939, which was violated by Hitler on June 22, 1941.

Whoever knew the men who so suddenly came into the limelight with the tragedy of July 20, knows that they were motivated by sorrow and indignation over the damage suffered by the German name through Hitlerdom. Their task was a terrifically hard one. Not only because of the vigilance of the State Secret Police resorted to everything, even to the basest forms of espionage and provocation (*agents provocateurs*) in order to get behind the plot which they had divined, but also because a good part of the military, so important for the success of the undertaking, followed Hitler's orders blindly, instead of recognizing conscientiously the impossibility of his régime. Among the bourgeoisie too, lethargy was widespread; there was a regrettable lack of intellectual and conscientious energy with which to free themselves by every means, by a sacrifice of life itself, from the tyranny which stained the German name with ignominy and disgrace. The gravity of the risk in taking part in the plot can be judged only by those who knew how close death came to all those who turned against the régime by the slightest expression of thought. And it was not only death that threatened, but long torturing weeks of investigation and torment, which were often harder to endure than the acceptance of a clear death sentence. In this atmosphere of fear and terror it took real character to decide resolutely and clearly for a revolutionary conspiracy; and under the manifold wearisome and enervating conditions of the war-years a good part of the German people did not rise to this strength of character. All the greater must be estimated the sacrifice of those who actually made this revolutionary attempt and paid for its failure with their lives.

Among the civilians Goerdeler was the driving force, intellectually and by his strength of will. As Price Administrator, and also in leading municipal political positions he had finally recognized Hitlerism in all its danger to the German people; he had enough will and determination to establish a network of individual activity from man to man, which, if it had not been destroyed at the critical moment by mistaken weakness and also by unfortunate accidents, would certainly have saved the German people from immeasurable misery, want and death. Again and again Goerdeler had hoped that he might succeed in getting together a large following who would, especially after the fall of Stalingrad, realize the necessity of getting rid of Hitler and of obtaining peace as soon as possible, which would smooth the way for a new and peaceful Germany. Among Goerdeler's civilian followers representatives of the Christian workers' movement were particularly active. In them there spoke, above all, the Christian conscience, which awoke to protest against the disgrace and violence in Hitler's concentration camps and prisons; to urge that an end be made of the terrible conditions in the camps of Auschwitz and other places of destruction and of national socialist violence, all of which toward the end of the war, if to a limited degree, was gradually coming to be known. Besides the purification of the German attitude it was the aim of these men to obtain a peace which might lead to a democratic state, and once more restore righteousness, human dignity and decency to the German people. We possess a copy of the proclamation which Goerdeler had prepared for the success of his conspiracy. We should like to quote from the projected declaration of the *Reichsregierung* that was to be formed the following sentences:

> "The members of the Reichsgovernment never desired this war and never considered it necessary. They see in it the greatest misfortune that could have come upon Europe and the world. They therefore consider it to be the first and most important duty to end it by means of a true and lasting peace, which will make it possible for all peoples, great and small, to govern themselves within their own boundaries in sovereign independence and security, to heal the wounds of war among one another and to rebuild the wounded continent. The Reichsregierung knows that on the path to this goal tremendous obstacles must be overcome, piled up from broken treaties and immoral deeds of violence. First requisite for all understanding among the peoples is the return of confidence. Only a world filled with reciprocal confidence is capable of restoring a peace worthy of the tremendous sacrifices supported by the peoples of the earth, to give to life a true and lasting foundation which deserves the name of peace."

Politically the men of July 20 were running many risks. The premature disappearance of Hitler would not have made the defeat so clear as has now been the case. It would have contained the seeds of the danger that parts of the German people might cling to the Hitler legend and remain persuaded that the war would still have ended victoriously, if Hitler had been able to go on leading them. But the men of July 20 regarded their plot as the only possibility of saving the people from the most terrible sacrifices and destruction, and held firmly to their purpose of taking upon themselves the odium of "having prematurely called a halt." The way they visualized the new democratic Germany may be gathered from the projected government program:

> "Safety lies in a constitution taking into account the organic structure of the people, permitting all the political and social elements of the people to live quietly and peacefully side by side, and leading all the various forms of community life consonant with our times, into the path of peaceful activity, without endangering the power of the State and its indispensable authority and capacity to dispose and administrate for the good of the people. The Reichsgovernment begins its work by placing the power of the State under the law of morality and justice. It respects the human personality, the family, religious confessions, trade unions, local self-government and free communities, but demands that all shall submit to the common welfare."

This undertaking, which had been prepared through long months of diligent and very dangerous detailed work, was shattered by the fact that the attempt on the Fuehrer's life failed. It was a fact that although the body of generals for the most part realized the almost criminal nature of a continuation of the war, yet they considered themselves bound by the oath they had taken to Hitler, or at

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least made a pretext of this oath to palliate their lack of conscientious judgment. When the attempt failed, a part of the leading officers of the High Command of the Wehrmacht turned in cowardly fashion against the assassin and his circle or remained neutral. Among these men is included the commanding officer of the Ersatz Army, Colonel General Fromm, who at the last minute went over to Hitler's side. To this degree the accusation of political cowardice and complete political insufficiency of judgment rightfully can be made of the body of German officers. At the decisive moment instead of showing their rightmindedness by making a conscientious decision, they remained dead limbs of a lifeless military machine. A further technical error which was decisive was that the Commander of Berlin, Lieutenant General von Hase, instead of entrusting the regiment guarding Berlin to a soldier hostile to the Nazis, placed it in the hands of Major Rehm, who was totally subject to the Nazi party. He did this for the psychologically typical reason that Major Rehm would follow blindly any military order. But Rehm got into contact with Goebbels, who was able to reach Hitler by means of a telephonic communication which for some reason was still open, and thus get Hitler's orders directly. If Berlin had remained until noon or even till evening firmly in Hase's hands (as he had the power required), the undertaking might still have succeeded even without Hitler's death. But inasmuch as the commanding officer of the regiment guarding Berlin by Hitler's orders removed the most important points in the Reich's capital from Hase's authority, the undertaking collapsed in Berlin also.

We do not know why Providence allowed this splendidly conceived plan, in which many valuable German political leaders sacrificed their lives, to fail. Perhaps God did not wish the German people to be spared the bitter lesson which it has now had to undergo. But the German people regard the men of the Twentieth of July with pride. They are the proof that they by no means marched in absolutely closed ranks behind Hitler, but rather that there were decidedly militant elements who under given conditions and circumstances clearly opposed Hitler's violence, and when the moment came, risked and lost their lives.

LIST OF THE CONSPIRATORS OF JULY 20, 1944
Condemned and executed by the *Volksgerichtshof* (Peoples Court)

BECK—*Colonel General, head of the General Staff until* 1938
BERNARDIS, ROBERT—*Major*
COUNT BERNSTORFF—*Retired Counselor of Legation*
COUNT BLUMENTHAL, HANS JUERGEN—*Major*
BOLZ, EUGEN—*Former President of Wuerttemberg, member of the Center Party*
BONHOEFFER, KLAUS—*Air Hansa*
BONHOEFFER, DIETRICH—*Pastor*
BRUECKENMEYER, EDWARD—*Retired Counselor of Legation*
CRAMER, WALTER—*Industrial*
DELP—*Jesuit*
COUNT DOHNA, HEINRICH—*Landowner*
DOHNANYI—*Lawyer*
COUNT DRESSEL
ERDMANN, HANS—*Lieutenant-Colonel*
FELLGIEBEL, ERICH—*General, head of the Information Service in the Army High Command*
FINCK, EBERHARD
FRANK, REINHOLD—*Lawyer*
VON FREYTAG-LORINGHOVEN—*Colonel, head of the Counter-Espionage*
GENNEWIN, MAX
GLOEDEN, LISELOTTE—*Doctor of Law, née Kuzniski*
GOERDELER, FRITZ—*Municipal Counselor*
GROSS, NIKOLAUS—*Editor, leader of Christian workers*
VON GUTTENBERG, FREIHERR C. LUDWIG—*Publisher*
HABERMANN, MAX—*Leader of Christian unions*
VON HAEFFEN, HANS BERNDT—*Counselor of Legation*
VON HEFTEN—*Lieutenant*
VON HAGEN—*Lieutenant*
HAHN, KURT—*Colonel*
HANSEN—*Colonel*
VON HARNACK—*Government vice-president*
VON HASE, PAUL—*Lieutenant General, commander of Berlin*
VON HASSELL, ULRICH—*Retired Ambassador*
HAUBACH, THEODOR—*Business man, social democratic political leader*
HAUSHOFER, ALBRECHT—*Professor*
HAYESSEN—*Major*
HERFURTH—*Major General*
HOEPPNER, ERICH—*Colonel General*
HOESSLEIN, ROLAND—*Major*
VON HOFACKER, CAESAR—*Stuelpnagel's aide-de-camp, adjutant*
JAEGER—*Colonel*
JESSEN, PETER—*Professor of industry in the Univ. of Berlin*
JOH, HANS
KAISER, HERMANN—*Studienrat*
KIEP, OTTO—*Ambassador*
KLAMROTH, HANS-GEORG—*Business man*
KLAMROTH—*Major*
KLAUSING, FRIEDRICH—*Captain*
VON KLEIST-SCHMENZIN, EWALD—*Landed proprietor*
KNACK, GERHARD—*Major*
KOERNER, HEINRICH—*Union leader*
KRANZFELDER, ALFRED—*Captain of corvette*
KUENZER—*Geheimrat*
KUZNISKI, ELISE AUGUSTE—*Née von Lilienkron*
LADROZINSKI, JOACHIM—*Lieutenant*
LANGLEHN, KARL—*Lawyer*
VON DER LANKEN—*Lieutenant Colonel*
LEBER, JULIUS—*Former member of the Reichstag, social democrat landowner*
COUNT LEHNDORFF-DTEHNERT, HEINRICH
LEJEUNE-JUNG, PAUL—*Syndikus, m.p. until* 1933, *member of the Geman national party*
VON LEONROD, LUDWIG
LETTERHAUS, BERNHARD—*Workers' leader, Catholic*
LEUNINGER, FRANZ—*Union leader, social democrat*
LEUTSCHNER, WILHELM—*Union leader, social democrat*
LINDEMANN—*General*
VON LINSTOW
VON LUENINCK, FERDINAND, FREIHERR—*Retired Ober-Praesident*
LYNAR, COUNT—*Major*
MAASS, HERMANN—*Prokurist, social democrat*
MARCKS, KARL
MAROGNA-REDWITZ, COUNT RUDOLF—*Colonel*
MATUSCHKA, COUNT—*Ober-Regierungsrat*
MEISSNER, JOACHIM—*Colonel*
MOLL, CARLOS
MOLTKE, COUNT HELMUTH—*Landowner*
MUELLER, OTTO—*Prelate, died in prison*
MUHZINGER, ERNEST—*Lieutenant Colonel*
ZUR NIEDEN, WILHELM
VON OERTZEN—*Major*
OLBRICHT—*General, head of the General Office of the Army*
PEVELS—*Legal advisor of the Confessional Church*
PLANCK, ERWIN—*State secretary, retired*
VON PLETTENBERG, FREIHERR
POPITZ, JOHANNES—*Prussian Finance Minister*
MERZ VON QUIRNHEIM—*Colonel*

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RATGEN, KARL-HEINZ
REICHWEIN, ADOLF—*Professor*
ROENNE, ALEXIS—*Colonel*
VON SALVIATI—*Lieutenant*
SMEND—*Lieutenant General*
SPERR, FRANZ—*Colonel*
SCHLEICHER (*of the Bonhoeffer family*)
SCHNEPPENHORST—*Social democrat, union leader*
SCHOLZ-BABISCH, FRIEDRICH—*Landowner*
SCHRADER—*Lieutenant Colonel*
SCHULENBURG, COUNT VON DER—*Retired ambassador, last ambassador to Moscow*
SCHULZE-BUETTGER, GEORG—*Colonel*
SCHWAMB, LUDWIG—*Syndikus*
SCHWEIN-SCHWANENBERG, COUNT—*Landowner*
STAEHLE, WILHELM—*Colonel*
VON STAUFFENBERG, COUNT KLAUS—*Colonel (carried out the attempt on Hitler's life)*
VON STAUFFENBERG, COUNT BERCHTOLD
STERCKS, HANS-LUDWIG
STIEFF—*Major General, organization service of the General Staff*
STUELPNAGEL, FREIHERR VON—*General*
THIELE, FRITZ—*Lieutenant General*
THOMA, BUSSO—*Major*
VON THUEGEN—*General, Wehrersatzinspekteur Freeuenwalde*
VON TRESCKOW—*Major General, head of the General Staff of the Third Army*
VON TRESCKOW—*Lieutenant Colonel*
VON TROTT ZU SOLZ—*Counsellor of legation*
COUNT UEXKUELL—*Colonel*
VOIGHT—*Breslau former chief of police, social democrat*
WAGNER—*General, general quartermaster*
WAGNER—*Colonel*
YORK ZU WARTENBERG, COUNT—*Oberregierungsrat*
WEHRLE—*Chaplain*
WENZEL—*Landowner*
WIERSICH—*Social democrat, union leader*
WIRMER, JOSEF—*Lawyer*
VON WITZLEBEN, ERICH—*General Fieldmarshal*

The Stage & Screen

Beggars Are Coming To Town

LOVE on the New York stage is lately simply lickety-split. For some reason, most of the motivation through the African scenes of Irwin Shaw's recent "Assassin," as well as through the purlieus of this night-club arrangement by Theodore Reeves, has depended upon a kind of immediate emotional decision which is, to say the least, startling: a case of look, like, love-forever-and-ever business. It is true, one or other of the parties is apt to be written into a small amount of hesitation with a selection of lines such as, "Things don't happen like this, it isn't *real!*"; however it becomes only too apparent that subsequent doings hang upon the circumstance, and the play totters thereby. I should say perhaps the surest clue to the slowness of the season will be the quickness of its craft.

The way this works out in Oscar Serlin's production of Mr. Reeves's play at the new satin-lined Coronet is something like this. A small-beer racketeer, having done four and ten up the river for a generous hijacking killing, hits the town with a firm partnership (in his head) in a discreet nightclub run by his erstwhile buddy. The legality

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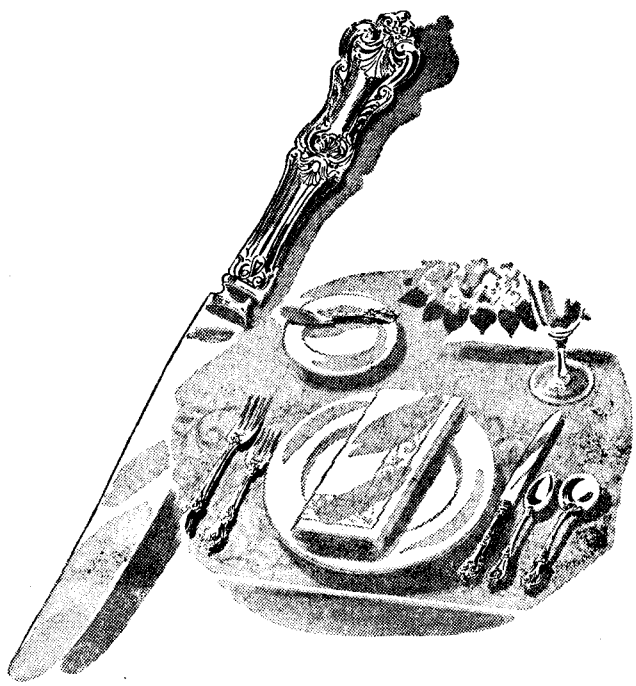

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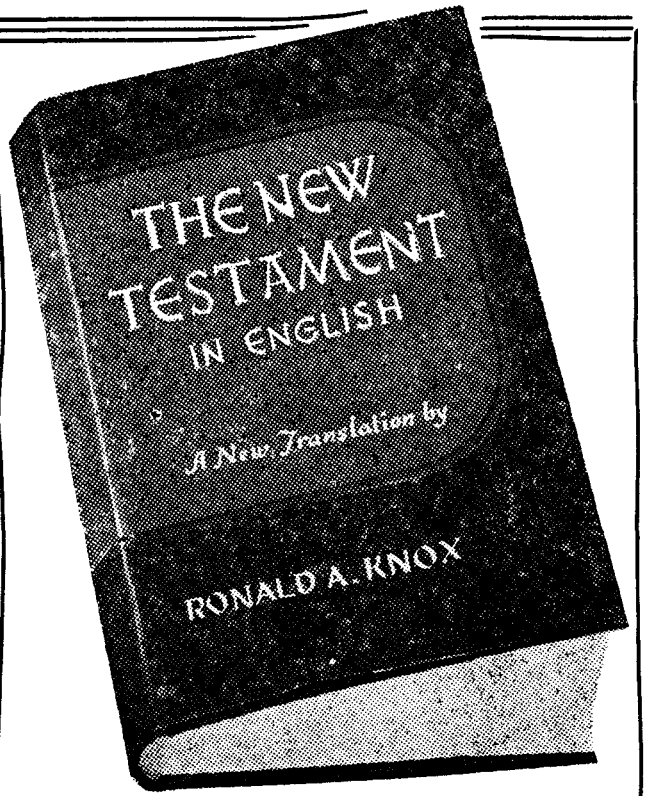

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of the business baffles him (its real hero is a bookkeeper called "Abadaba") and in trying to assess his own cut, he is run into a whirlpool of percents, associations, incorporations, companies and directorships. His faith in the underworld is equally shaken when, in rounding up a few of "the boys" in the hope of action, he discovers that the Prohibition stalwarts of his time have become reduced to a small number of shy bandits anxious only to operate within the law. The dénouement is particularly cunning, as he retires with pride to live on nothing a week with a cigarette girl met one hour previously in the play's one set.

I think even such a hurried synopsis must demonstrate that Mr. Reeves had a theme and that it is wrung to death. What I cannot understand is why he felt constrained to attach his conclusions concerning the modern "paper" world to a scheme involving discarded crime. Surely he had a satirical big-chance at any number of trades or professions where the same kind of legal unmorality is daily (not melodramatic) stuff. Modern man is a man with a contract, and the mountain discrepancies between his law and his ethics could, I think, make not only a play but a *real one*. Maybe a good *real* one, who knows.

If the play was unrewarding, I think the evening was not. I have a hunch second-night people ran into rather a superlative performance by Paul Kelly, Luther Adler, Dorothy Commingore, Herbert Berghof, all pulling Harold Clurman's inching direction out of the slough of care in which it ordinarily operates. The Mielziner set was good, I thought, but rather obtrusive for an entire evening's picture. (*At the Coronet.*)

The Next Half Hour

THE withdrawal of Mary ("Harvey") Chase's second offering was obviously an astute move on her part as well as on the part of her producer, Max Gordon. The author's presentation of the "doom-eager" Irish too patently depended upon a substitution of maudlin horror for true tragedy, and by the time Death and the Loonies got through stalking the stage of the Empire, last Tuesday, I imagine everyone, certainly the audience, was tired. I make Miss Chase's large purpose to be a differentiation between faith, resignation and superstition, and I only wish she would try it again. It needs statement, particularly on the part of those inhabitants of the "other island," who are her people and mine. KAPPO PHELAN.

And a Bottle of Rum

THE main points in favor of *"The Spanish Main"* are its lush technicolor and overpowering cast. And the principal charge against it is that its foolish plot is almost impossible to follow. When a film goes haywire like this, it is difficult to lay the blame on any one person or department. Many people are involved in the making of a movie. In this case a rich conglomeration of mouth-filling names should be credited or discredited: Robert Fellows as producer, Frank Borzage as director, George Worthington Yates and Herman J. Mankiewicz who wrote the script from an original story by Aeneas MacKenzie. I suspect, however, that the film's cutter and editors had much to do

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with the story as it now stands; or maybe it isn't their fault either, since they had to work with what they were given. In any case, the pieces don't fit well; too often you ask why or how about this plot and its jerky, irrelevant motivation. One department that cannot be blamed for the picture's confusion is the cast, most of whom have proven themselves under much happier circumstances: Paul Henreid as the brave Dutch pirate leader seeking revenge on the Governor of New Granada; Maureen O'Hara as the Governor's fiancée, a high-tempered noble Spanish beauty who marries the pirate captain on the high seas to save a Spanish galleon from pillage; Walter Slezak as the cruel Governor whose vicious deeds are much worse than the deserts he gets; Binnie Barnes as a female pirate in love with the captain and, naturally, jealous of his bride; Barton MacLane, John Emery, J. M. Kerrigan, Mike Mazurki, Jack LaRue and many, many tough-looking extras as various friends or foes of our hero. The piece abounds in leering pirates, armored soldiers, extravagant costumes and elaborate scenes on Caribbean Sea and shore, all hopped up by vivid color. Curiously enough, several of the sequences are in themselves full of suspense and excitement. There is plenty of fighting with fists and sword.

If *"Captain Kidd"* hadn't been made first, one might think it was meant to be a satire on "The Spanish Main." Then again, its title could be "Kidding Captain Kidd," for it is a departure in pirate movies. It has the usual doses of adventure and intrigue, and it has its romance (carried on by Barbara Britton and Randolph Scott) but something new has been added: touches of ironical humor that succeed in putting the picture in an adult class. Benedict Bogeaus gave the film a good production, no fancy technicolor but some handsome straight photography and a tone of authenticity that makes it seem like biography. Actually Norman Reilly Raine based his script on a story by Robert N. Lee, which except for a few incidents does not pretend to be a factual account. The movie succeeds, nevertheless, in making Kidd a believable person, and it does this by giving the famous pirate human weaknesses, vanities and a complex character. According to this version, William Kidd's greatest ambition was to be a gentleman, in fact a lord. So in 1699 he makes a deal with the English king to track down pirates. But Kidd wants to play the game both ways. Robbing galleons while pretending to pursue pirates proves too fancy a stunt even for a smart conniver like Kidd. So in the finale, with a rope around his neck, and after making bequests (of greed, hatred and ambition to future pirates) he is hanged. Charles Laughton plays the rôle for everything that's in it. And the Laughton mannerisms with touch of ham fit the characterization perfectly. Whether Kidd is being tutored by Shadwell (Reginald Owen) on how to behave like a gent, or whether he's scheming new dirty work or how to kill off members of his crew (John Carradine, Gilbert Roland, Abner Biberman) Laughton puffs, pouts and primps. Director Rowland Lee has balanced the ingredients of this film well, and has made an escapist item entertaining without insulting your intelligence.

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Children's Books

From "The Wind Boy" by Ethel Cook Eliot, illustrated by Robert Hallock (Viking).

THE EFFECTS of the war are still clearly visible in this season's crop of juvenile literature. Physically, the general level of excellence is not as high as it was prior to 1941: with conspicuous exceptions, the illustrations have less clarity and brightness, if only because lithography is the prevailing technique used for reproduction, and the variety of papers and cloths available to publishers is more restricted than in earlier days. The war is likewise reflected in the subject matter of the books offered this fall. There are many stories directly related to it; the themes of many of the books would never have been chosen had not the accidents of war indicated them. Thus we find a disproportionate number of tales the setting of which is the South Pacific or the Philippines or some other portion of the globe to which Americans paid scanty attention before Pearl Harbor. And by the same token there is a distinct slackening off of yarns about little European boys and girls in European settings.

The addition of definitely educational material to entertainment pure and simple has always been a feature of children's books: ABC's and even Mother Goose Rhymes serve their purpose in preparing the young mind to deal with life. But increasingly over the past year much more specifically instructive matter has been dished up in attractive garb for the edification of the young. Indeed each year the imagination seems more and more neglected at the expense of a real loss—I believe—for childhood. Partially this is the result of a strange obsession on the part of the child psychologists, who seem to dwell in mortal fear that the imaginative will have a warping effect upon a child's emotional life. Unhappily this reflects a sort of atomic attitude toward psychology which these very psychologists would vehemently deny, for it assumes that the imagination and the reason and the memory are all separate compartments without interrelationship. It assumes that if a child is naturally sensitive and imaginative, a more rounded personality may be fashioned by cutting down or entirely eliminating stimulants of the imagination and supplying over-doses of information and instruction. One might describe this as the application to the spirit of a sort of vitamin theory, whereby integration and all-round health is to be achieved by supplying deficiencies and cutting down upon those things already and naturally in excess.

Of the validity of this school of thought I am profoundly dubious, for the imagination is in fact not a separate compartment in the spirit except for purposes of analysis; its play runs throughout the whole being, and it is interrelated with the memory and reason. If its food is cut off, it will supply food of its own, and that which it itself devises can lead to a sort of auto-intoxication; that which it derives from sound works of art (Alice in Wonderland would be a good example) is far less likely to ravel the mind in neuroses. Indeed the current suspicion of the imagination—and I recognize that we have some right to be suspicious since we have been living in the very shadow of a disordered imagination lowering over us for the past decade and more—is a far more dangerous thing than we realize. Has anyone ever seriously considered the effect of Struwel Peter on what is loosely called the German mind? And if any reader is unacquainted with this singularly bloody and horrible classic of childhood, I suggest he take the pains to acquire a copy. If, upon reflection, he does not here find a great part of the origin of Dachau and Buchenwald, I miss my guess. Certainly some of our ubiquitous comic strip art could easily have a like effect, and anyone who believes in original sin will grant that an active imagination deliberately starved might easily end by coming out of the same door.

Lithography by Cornelius De Witt from "The Story of the Southern Highlands" (Harper).

These convictions force me into being querulous about many books which I know are well intended and which I likewise know have their utility, but the presence of which in considerable numbers disturbs me because I detect therein this very denial of the imagination that seems to me so fraught with danger. Take, for instance, the present great vogue for stories intended to allay race prejudice or to create a civilized race attitude. When first we began to see such opera I easily applauded. But since the only feasible technique for dealing with this subject at the lower age levels is to weave a tale in a setting of sweetness and light with, let us say, a little Negro girl the heroine of the yarn, do we not run the risk of a dangerous reaction, since very rarely will the picture corre-

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spond with reality and hence attract genuine consent or interest? These reflections do not apply to the books written for an older audience of boys and girls by Mr. John R. Tunis, whose deliberate injection of decency and fairplay with regard to current social issues is always accomplished within a framework of frank admission of the problem and not in a dream world palpably removed from reality. Thus his stories are full of conflict, appeal to the reason and to the imagination, and are undoubtedly greatly effective for good. This year, by the way, he has written "A City for Lincoln" (Harcourt, $2.00), which deals with good municipal government.

Of course a far more tedious manifestation of the spirit of improvement consists in books which frankly set out to inform young people about some branch of science or industry, about nature or life in the country. Unless they are done with consummate skill, or happen to fit very closely an existing bent, there is little excuse for them.

★

This year I am departing somewhat from my previous practice of listing a really large number of juvenile books if only because I have not space to make the list anywhere near complete, nor could I pretend, if I did have the space, to having given really careful consideration to so large a number of volumes. Since publishers are still short of paper and hence cannot hope to supply the demand for everyone of their titles, such a list would serve no very useful purpose for readers in any case. When you are confronted with the practical problem of purchasing books for your children or your friends' children or your children friends, you had best examine the available stocks in the nearest book store and use your own judgment. I am going to limit myself to singling out a relatively small number of this year's publication, in no particular order or sequence, which have particularly appealed to me and which—if you find them in stock—deserve your most serious consideration. In one or two cases I shall refer to whole categories of books, giving perhaps two or three titles in each category, but in general recommending the other volumes in the same series.

More and more in recent years publishers have sought to produce books which are toys as well as supplying reading matter. They contain cutouts or movable bits of paper, they unfold or harbor secrets within their innocent pages. The Capitol Publishing Company of New York has produced a number of these for 1945, and by experience I know that they will serve to divert very young children until they fall apart—or are torn apart. Since they are generally inexpensive, they serve a useful purpose by keeping the children occupied without taxing one's pocketbook. Good specimens are "Ha-Ha Farm," a laughing animal book (Thirma and Carlyle Leech, $1.00) and "Let's Find Skipper" (Jeffrey Victor and Dauber, $1.00). The Platt and Munk Company likewise have a large assortment of such novelties, a very attractive one this year being the "Choo-Choo Panorama" which opens out into a series of pictures on heavy boards ten feet long, the whole thing being a railroad train ($2.00). The Capitol Publishing Company has likewise issued a series of "Build-

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Up Books" of which I liked especially "Let's Have a Store" (Jeffrey Victor and Frances Wells, $1.00) and "Let's Have a Farm" (Jeffrey Victor and Veronica Reed, $1.00). Finally the same firm has a most elaborate shoe-shaped "The Shoe Book of Nursery Rhymes" complete with shoelace (Jeffrey Victor and Dauber, $1.00). Houghton Mifflin this year publishes two charming little books that unfold, products of the fertile imagination of H. A. Rey. One is called "Anybody at Home," and each sheet, when folded, portrays a home; when unfolded it portrays the inhabitants of that home—rabbits and an elephant, bees, robins, goldfish, etc. The other is "Where's My Baby." Here again the folded sheet shows an adult, the unfolded that adult's offspring. Here we have a pony, a hen, a cow, a pig, a cat, etc., ending up with the child's own mother. ($5.00.)

Drawing by Betty Morgan Bowen for Maura Laverty's "Gold of Glanaree" (Longmans).

For some years now Simon and Schuster has been putting on the market a series of Golden Books, some small (selling for 25c), some larger. A most attractive current specimen in the "Little Golden Books" is "Tootle" (Gertrude Crampton and Tibor Gergely), which deals with the the education of a railway locomotive. It is playful and imaginative and has an adequate number of derailings. The same firm has issued a "Golden Portfolio" which contains eight large lithographed plates in full color dealing with Mother Goose favorites by Feodor Rojankovsky ($2.50). These plates are about 14 by 18 inches in size and are loose, so that they may be used to decorate a nursery wall. The artist is particularly happy in his treatment of animals, although it must be granted that there is a certain cuteness about his style which will offend a small minority of parents.

Among the illustrated stories for very young auditors (or precocious readers) I recommend "Morris, the Midget Moose" by Frank Owen (Putnam, $1.00), the title of which sufficiently describes the contents. Margret and H. A. Rey have produced "Spotty," a Dalmatian rabbit, which illustrates in some fashion the Mendelian Law of spot transference (Harper, $1.75). "The Rollicking Pancake and Other Nursery Tales" is illustrated by Erika Weihs. It possesses a strong charm of novelty (L. B. Fischer, $1.00). "Poppadilly" (Audrey Chalmers, Viking, $1.00) has to do with an elf and a mouse and the question of magnitude and will give nightmares to the people who

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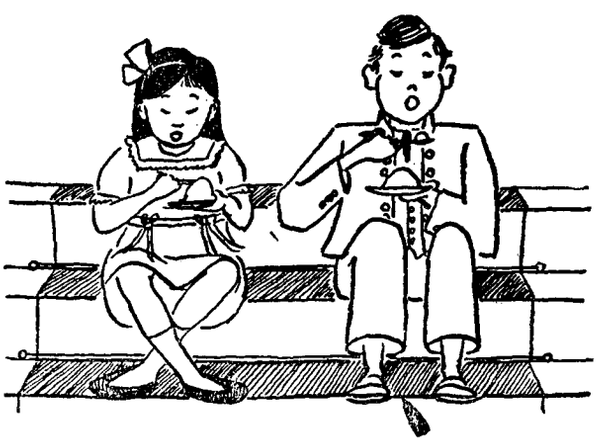
are anti-imagination. The same publisher gives us "Burlap" by Morgan Dennis ($1.00), which tells the eternal story of a little dog and a little boy. "Mr. Bunny Paints the Eggs" (Lee Maril and Irena Lorentowicz, Roy, $1.00) includes as a feature two sheets attached to the dust jacket which reproduce illustrations in the book, but without color, and which young readers can use as a basis for trying their skill at painting. The title is self-explanatory.

★

"Lullaby—Why the Pussy-Cat Washes Himself So Often" is adapted from a Polish folktale (Josephine B. Bernhard and Irena Lorentovicz, Roy, $1.00). It is mostly pictures, and is strongly Christian in inspiration. Two charming ABC's are "An ABC Play Book" (Stephen Stratton and Virginia Cunningham, L. B. Fischer, $1.00) which illustrates each letter of the alphabet with a variety of objects, the names of which begin with that letter, and "Look for the Letters" (H. A. Rey, Harper, $2.00), one of the most intelligent and whimsical of such productions in my knowledge. "You Can Write Chinese" (Kurt Wiese, Viking, $1.50) might be described as a juvenile version of one of last year's most interesting adult books, "Chinese Wit, Wisdom and Written Characters" by Rose Quong. Precisely what purpose is served by adding to the strain of learning our own alphabet entirely esoteric acquaintance with Chinese characters passes my comprehension, but the book is witty and amusing.



An illustration by Mai-mai Sze for "Echo of a City" (Harcourt).

"The Golden Song Book" (Katharine Tyler Wessells and Gertrude Elliott, S. and S., $1.00) is a very good bargain. It contains over 50 of the more familiar children's songs, some in French and Latin as well as in English. The illustrations are pleasant and the music clear and legible. "The Play Party Book," singing games for children (Ed Durlacher and Arnold Edwin Bare, Devin-Adair, $2.50) contains 37 singing games, most of them unavailable in any other contemporary volume. Very clear diagrams serve to illustrate the accompanying

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action. These games are all traditional, having been commonplace in homes and nurseries two or three generations ago. They still possess great charm and can prove a God-send to mothers of large broods, directors of nursery schools, persons in charge of playgrounds and organizers of birthday parties. "Riddles Around the World" (illus-.trated by Fritz Kredel, Pantheon, $2.00) is certainly one of the loveliest books for younger readers—and in this case also for the very old—published in a long time. Kredel's extraordinary abilities are here given a magnificent medium of expression, and his book is a joy to look at even if the riddles are a little hard.

★

Of what might be called strictly picture books, dealing with familiar, everyday objects the recognition of which has eternal charm for young childhood, two published by Samuel Gabriel Sons are particularly pleasant. One is a revision of an older title. This is "Stacks of Quacks" (Faye Tornquist and A. E. Kennedy, $.75), which deals entirely with ducks. The second, also one of a large series, made up entirely of colored pictures printed on heavy boards, is "Young Things" ($1.35) and includes rabbits, a kid, a lamb, a puppy, etc.

Among books the principal intention of which is to be informative or else to enlist the attention of young people in some subject, the following especially appealed to me. "Little People in a Big Country" (Norma Cohn, Oxford, $1.50) is really a portfolio of drawings made by children in Uzbekistan, an Asiatic portion of the Soviet Union. The drawings possess an extraordinary degree of charm, as children's drawings are likely to do, and betray how deep-seated are regional preferences for color combinations and design elements. Call it Soviet propaganda if you will, the book is one of the loveliest in recent years. "This Is the Bread That Betsy Ate" (adapted by Irma Simonton Black, illustrated by Allen Ullman, Scott, $1.25) is intended to tell the whole story of modern bread-making. Unhappily the abuses of modern baking and milling are not pointed out. "Guess What's in the Grass" (Lucy Sprague Mitchell and Edward J. Glannon, Scott, $1.50) deals with all sorts of things, animate and inanimate, in the grass. "The Big Fire" (Elizabeth Olds, Houghton, $2.00) is an exciting illustrated history of fire-fighting in this country from the earliest days to the present, and is just the thing for city children who have reached the stage of being curious about the life surrounding them. "Pogo's Mining Trip" (Jo and Ernest Norling, Holt, $1.25) tells you all about gold mining, as earlier Pogo books have told about fishing, trains, airplanes, etc. "Picture Map Geography of the Pacific Islands" (Vernon Quinn and Frank Beaudouin, Lippincott, $2.00) perhaps appears a little late in the day, but is admirably executed and gives a full account of relatively little known areas where such bitter fighting has recently been taking place. "The Story Behind Great Medical Discoveries" (Eliza-

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beth Rider Montgomery and Vartanian, McBride, $2.00) starts with the discovery of the circulation of the blood and runs through penicillin. It is not written with anything like the charm of style of Sir William Osler, but it covers much more ground and should interest children with a bent in this direction. "New Found World" (Katherine B. Shippen and C. B. Falls, Viking, $3.50) is a sort of mixture of geography, history and sociology, all woven together in interesting fashion. The subject matter is Latin America. "Turkey" (Vernon Ives and Rafaello Busoni, Holliday, $1.00) is uniform with the same publisher's "Oceania" and graphically describes this crossroads country. "The Story of the Southern Highlands" (May McNeer and C. H. DeWitt, Harper, $1.50) is an account of the Southern Appalachian Mountains, their history and the people who live in them. A fine piece of Americana. "Making the Movies" (Jeanne Bendick, Whittlesey, $2.00) is a very full treatment of modern cinema techniques, with remarkably clear thumbnail sketch illustrations. "Men Who Built the West" (Arthur Amos Gray, Caxton, $3.00) is copiously illustrated with photographs of old drawings, maps, and documents. It covers literally hundreds of Rocky Mountain pioneers.

★

Leaving the realm of the informative and turning back to the imagination, the season has produced a number of stories for children from seven to fourteen. I list a few herewith, beginning with the younger age group and ending with the older. "Splasher" (Alice Gall, Fleming Crew and Else Bostelmann, Oxford, $2.00) is an animal yarn dealing with muskrats, although the pictures make them look a little bit more like beavers. "Mickey, The Horse That Volunteered" (Carl Glick and Bill Crawford, Whittlesey, $1.50) is a story based upon an incident which occurred toward the end of the last century. Most of the episodes take place in the Spanish American War. "Jungle Boy" (Lysle Cardeth and Anne Vaughan, Longmans, $2.00) is placed in the Philippine Islands and its hero is an Igorot. The pictures have great charm. "Yu Lan, Flying Boy of China" (Pearl S. Buck and Georg T. Hartman, Day, $1.50) is, of course, intended to arouse sympathy for an emergent China, and is told with Miss Buck's customary skill. "Tippy" (Glanville Smith and Fritz Eichenberg, Harper, $2.00) is the sort of book which some people will find wonderful and others will snort at. It is definitely a fantasy. It combines the Graustarkian and the whimsical. "The Wind Boy" (Ethel Cook Eliot and Robert Hallock, Viking, $2.00) was first published in 1923; this is a revised edition with fresh illustrations. This "modern fairy story" has won itself a firm position as a hardy perennial, and is especially good for girls. "Children of South Africa" (Louise A. Stinetorf and Eva Watson, Lippincott, $2.00) deals with both black and white young people and is a companion to the same author's "Children of North Africa." "Spin a Silver Dollar" (Alberta Hannum and Beatien Yazz, Viking, $3.75) is the tale of a Navajo boy and of his people and their customs. Actually the story is very much

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that of the young illustrator whose lovely paintings illustrate the book. For those whose affections are particularly tied to Ireland, Maura Laverty's "Gold of Glanaree" (Betty Morgan Bowen, Longmans, $2.50) may safely be recommended. Miss Laverty always writes with charm and feeling for the Irish countryside.

Five or six years ago it was a most exceptional thing to find in any juvenile books issued by regular publishers an explicit acknowledgment of religion and the rôle it plays in people's lives. Indeed there was reason to suspect that juvenile editors deliberately kept off such subject matter in the fear of offending parents. Certainly this is no longer the case. Whether the war and its trials have brought people closer to religious faith or not, they have made it possible once again to talk about such things without risk of offense. One of the most charming of all this year's books for children is "Rock Crystal," a story written one hundred years ago by Adalbert Stifter, the German classicist. It is translated by Elizabeth Mayer and Marianne Moore, and contains eighteen illustrations by Josef Scharl (Pantheon, $2.75). The story moves slowly, but it needs to move slowly in order to achieve its effect, and it is deeply penetrated with a Christian spirit of Christmas. Two little children of a Bohemian mountain village get lost in the snow and ice, see a vision of the Infant of Prague and are rescued. That is all there is to it, but it deserves a long life in this form of literature. "St. Nicholas' Travels" (Hertha Pauli and Susanne Suba Houghton, $2.00) not only tells the lives of the various Saints Nicholas, but also the legends connected with them and their impact on later history. The book is frankly called "A Miraculous Biography." "Augustus" (Claire Huchet Bishop and Grace Paull, Viking, $1.50) is for younger children. It tells the story of a calf which escapes from its mistress and causes havoc in a small town. It makes its way into a church, where it takes the place of the ox in the Christmas crêche, and all is forgiven. Of specifically devotional intent is "The Children of Fatima" (Mary Fabyan Windeatt and Gedge Harmon, The Grail, $2.00). It tells the story, in fictional form, of the appearances of Our Lady in the Portuguese village of Fatima. "Our Lady's Feasts" (Sister Mary Jean Dorcy, Sheed, $1.50) would serve as a book of devotion for many adults as well as for older children. The text has dignity and beauty, but Sister Mary Jean writes better than she draws.

Two biographies for younger readers especially interested me. One is André Maurois's "Franklin, the Life of an Optimist" (illustrated by Howard Simon, Didier, $2.50). It is simple and as complete as need be for the purpose. "American Emperor" (Rose Brown and C. B. Falls, Viking, $2.50) tells the story of the life of Brazil's truly great ruler, Dom Pedro II. In a sense the most heroic days of Brazilian history fell within his reign: the days of reform and consolidation of that great country's frontiers, the days of emancipation, the Paraguayan war, the Masonic controversy. And finally this great man's resigned surrender to the demand of his fellow countrymen for a republic. A biography particularly appropriate at the moment of victory over Japan is "Square Sails and Spice Islands" (Laura Long and C. B. Falls, Longmans,

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Next Week

SOCIALISM & SOCIALISM, by George Dunne, S. J., is a brilliant analysis of the prospects for a rapprochement between socialism and Catholicism. It lays emphasis on the non-Marxian character of a number of socialist groups in this and other countries. The key to Father Dunne's provocative article is the distinction he makes—and it must be made—between socialist plans for economic reform and the anti-religious philosophies which animated so many early anti-capitalist social reformers. He finds no inevitable connection between this program and the philosophy of the movement's founders.

At a time when Christian Democrats in a number of countries are collaborating with Socialists of various sorts, it is of paramount importance to recognize the true character of present-day Socialism. The author of "Capitalism's Achilles Heel" does just this in these pages next week.

GEORGE MACDONALD, by Anne Fremantle, is a study which will be of unusual interest for those concerned in any way with children's books. The Scotch mystic who is the subject of this literary impression was best known as a poet. But his "At the Back of the North Wind" and "The Princess and the Goblin" are among the best known children's books of modern times.

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$2.50), which tells the story of the two Perry brothers, Oliver Hazard and Matthew Calbraith. A biography which I have not actually seen but which gives every promise of being excellent and which the publishers assure me will be ready before Christmas is a life of Cardinal Gibbons, "Larger Than The Sky" (Covelle Newcomb and Addison Burbank, Longmans, $2.50). Miss Newcomb has already given us a life of Cardinal Newman which was excellent, and hence one may presume that she has done an equally good job in this case.

Stories for older children are no great favorites with me, since I have always felt that after a certain age their time might be better spent reading some of the easier classics. But publishers continue to issue books in this category, and it must be granted that certain of these books are useful and cherished by their young readers. Those that appealed most to me this year follow. "The Mitchells" (Hilda van Stockum, Viking, $2.50) takes place in wartime Washington and involves all the complications of life in that over-crowded city. This is the first time Mrs. van Stockum has taken an American setting. We are frankly told that her own family inspired this story, and I must confess that I thoroughly enjoyed it. "Katrina" (Maria Gleit and Nedda Walker, Scribners, $2.50) is a story of modern Luxembourg and its trials and tribulations under German domination. "Clorinda of Cherry Lane Farm" (Caroline Stone and Raffaelo Busoni, Liveright, $2.00) is intended for girls. It deals with the experiences of migratory workers, largely in the State of Michigan. It is fast-moving. "Brave Companions" (Ruth Adams Knight and Lynd Ward, Doubleday, $2.00) is a dog story. But it is a dog story strictly up to date, including the use of dogs in war and as companions for the blind. "Jonica's Island" (Gladys Malvern and Corinne Malvern, Messner, $2.00) is an historical novel dealing with life in early New York. "Patriot in the Saddle" (J. C. Nolan and George Annand, Messner, $2.00) is again an historical yarn, this time dealing with the War of 1812.

(In every case above I have listed the author or authors first, the illustrator thereafter.)

In conclusion a word must be said about what is probably the most elaborate project attempted by any American publisher this fall, the magnificent "Russian Fairy Tales" published by the Pantheon Press. It is based on a classic collection of folk stories, newly rendered into English by Norbert Guterman. There is a folklorist commentary by Roman Jakobson and there are one hundred black-and-white illustrations in the text in addition to thirty-two full-page plates in brilliant pen-and-ink work, with colors superimposed, by Alexander Alexieff. The volume is a fitting companion to the same publisher's edition of Grimm. It sells for $7.50.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

CONTRIBUTORS

Christopher MORLEY is the author of many books of prose and verse, of which "Where the Blue Begins" is one of the most beloved and "Kitty Foyle" one of the most controversial.

Emil DORRFAT is professor of journalism at the University of Berlin and editor of the Christian Democrat newspaper now published in Berlin *Neue Zeit*. His report is published as an interesting document.

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